

GLASGOW WEEKLY TIMES.

GREEN & SHIRLEY,

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT"—JEFFERSON.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

Volume 9.

GLASGOW, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1848.

Number 41.

Glasgow Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
CLARK H. GREEN & PAUL SHIRLEY.
Office, up stairs, next door to Greenhaw's Hotel.
Entrance, Water Street.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
For one year, if paid in advance, \$2 00
If not paid before the close of the year, 3 00
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, (12 lines or less) One Dollar for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Liberal deductions made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.

JOHN PRINTING.
Of every description, executed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.
JUSTICES' BLANKS AND BLANK DEEDS.
Neatly executed, kept constantly on hand, and for sale low.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.
V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to procure Advertisements, receive Subscriptions, and make Collections for the GLASGOW WEEKLY TIMES, at his offices in the following cities:
PHILADELPHIA—North-West Corner of Third and Chestnut streets.
BALTIMORE—South-East Corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
NEW YORK—Tribune Buildings.
BOSTON—No. 5, State street.
FAYETTE—Andrew J. Herndon.
HUNTSVILLE—Wm. D. Malone.
BLOOMINGTON—Thomas G. Sharp.

J. S. CLARK. A. J. HERNDON.

LAW NOTICE.
JOHN B. CLARK & ANDREW J. HERNDON will continue to practice law in partnership, in all the courts of Howard county, except the County Court. All business entrusted to them will receive their united attention.
John B. Clark will continue to attend the several courts as heretofore.
Office on the public square, Fayette.
Andrew J. Herndon can at all times be found at the County Clerk's office.
Fayette, October 19, 1848.—32

B. F. White,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him, in the Courts of Carroll and adjoining counties.
Oct 19-32

L. D. BREWER,
Attorney at Law,
HUNTSVILLE, MO.
WILL attend to any business entrusted to him—in the second Judicial District.

REFERENCES.
BROWNING & BURNELL, Quincy, Illinois.
Col. J. DAVIS, Fayette.
W. PICKET, Benton, Miss.
Col. P. H. FOUNTAIN, Pontotock, Miss.
McCAMPBELL & COATES, Huntsville, Mo.
Office McCAMPBELL'S BUILDINGS, Huntsville, Mo.
[Randolph Co., Dec. 12th, '46. 40-1y.]

James W. Harris,
Commission and Forwarding Merchant, and Produce Dealer,
WATER STREET, GLASGOW, MO.

A CARD.
THE undersigned having met with much better success in the Commission and Forwarding business than expected, would here take occasion to state to Shippers and the Public generally, that his arrangements for the next season are such, as to offer every facility that this point affords, for shipping Produce and Receiving Merchandise, and to receive such patronage from those who are interested in shipping at this point, as he may merit.
Respectfully,
Oct. 12. J. W. HARRIS.

Doct. A. S. Dinwiddie,
FAYETTE, MO.
GRATEFUL for past patronage, still continues to offer his MEDICAL SERVICES to the citizens of Howard County.
Office, at his residence, 3d door below the Bank, where he can be found except when professionally absent.
Fayette, April 10th, 1847.

Doct. James L. Dunn,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Fayette and the surrounding country. Office on Criglar's row.
August 5, 1848.

John H. Potts,
DENTAL SURGEON,
St. Louis, Missouri.
Office No. 19, Locust street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, first door west of Old Fellows Hall.
October 5, 1848.—31m3.

THOS. SHACKELFORD,
Attorney at Law,
GLASGOW, MO.
WILL practice in the Courts of Howard, Saline, Cooper, Randolph and Chariton counties.
Office on first street. 31

Dr. John M. Bronaugh,
HAVING permanently located in Glasgow, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the city and vicinity.
Office in the Drug Store of Digges & Horsley.
Glasgow, Nov. 2, 1848.

T. G. SHARP,
Attorney at Law,
BLOOMINGTON, MO.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in the courts of Macon and adjoining counties.
Nov. 16, 1848.—37-1f.

J. N. BROWN,
Attorney at Law,
BLOOMINGTON, MO.
PRACTICES in the courts of Macon and adjoining counties.
Nov. 16, 1848.—37-1f.

Charles B. Fallenstein,
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Shoes and Boots, Hats and Caps,
HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL,
Front Street, Glasgow, Mo.

John D. Perry,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant,
GLASGOW, MO.
KEEPS constantly on hand a full supply of fresh groceries, liquors, &c. &c.

BOARDS.—2000 three foot oak boards, for sale by
Nov 2 JNO. D. PERRY.

SCREW.—A second hand Tobacco Screw with an ink, complete, suitable for baling hemp. Price \$45. Apply to
J. W. HARRIS.

FLOUR.—100 bbls extra family flour, just from the mill, and for sale by
Oct 26 J. W. HARRIS.

LEATHER.—A lot of first rate Skirting Leather, for sale by
Oct 27 J. W. HARRIS.

From the Brunswick.

HOWARD HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Error: In a late visit I made to the town of Fayette, Howard county Mo., I embraced the opportunity of visiting the "Howard High School," one of the very best institutions of learning in the West, as I think, for a thorough and sound education for either males or females. There are in regular attendance, as I was informed, some 150 scholars. I spent the greater part of one afternoon and evening, in hearing the classes, in the various departments of the school, recite; and I was very much gratified, both with the pains-taking of the teachers, and the promptness of the students to understand and answer, on the various branches in which they were being taught. The evening came off with a "Rehearsal." This consisted of tunes and songs on the piano-forte, and reading pieces of original composition, from a paper, which is being published by the young ladies of the school. There was a large crowd in attendance as spectators, the spacious chapel was filled to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen; the performances on the piano were good, some of them quite elegant; and the pieces read from their paper, were quite appropriate, various, and interesting, and the whole went off very finely indeed.

I would take this opportunity of recommending to the public generally, the Howard High School, as an institution of learning, of high grade, both for males and females, high in the confidence of its friends, and worthy of universal patronage.
Yours, &c., W. PATTON.
Weston, Mo., Dec. 1, 1848.

LITERARY LADIES.—A writer in the New York Tribune, giving an account of a literary soiree in that city, describes the feminine portion of the company as follows:

"The ladies are scattered all about as thick as stars; yet we do not know how to approach them. There is the stately Mrs. Seba Smith bending aristocratically over the centre-table, and taking in a bright, cold steady stream, like an antique fountain by moonlight; and yonder, nestled under light shawl of heraldic red and blue, like a bird escaped from its cage and already longing to get back again, is the spiritual and dainty Fanny Osgood, clapping her hands and crowing like a baby. Next her, sits, quiet as a pet lamb, the petite and piquante Mrs. Ellet, her sparkling black eyes, humed with the glitter of some wicked repartee she has been forging. If she were not in Rome you might have seen on the opposite side of the table, Miss Fuller, her large grey eyes laming inspiration and her thin quivering lip prophesying like a Pythoness. Yonder by the fireplace sits the dark-eyed and poetic faced Grace Greenwood, talking earnestly, and casting bright glances of lambent defiance around her, as if she loved yet contemned everybody. Behind her in a low arm-chair, which sways gently to a half murmured tune, sits the heart and soul of tenderness and poetry, in the plump and temporal person of Lydia Maria Child; she never leaves her own retreat, and sings ever loudest and sweetest from her nest. It is strange that we should have encountered her here amid this gay parade of beauty and distinction. Though well deserving a place anywhere, by virtue of the depth and purity of her genius, her fervid and o'er-mastering worship of the beautiful, and the sincerity and classic simplicity of her soul, yet she and too seldom strays from home, and seems even now to be uneasy and restless, as if she fancied the room about to compress and flatten every body in it—and she detests flat people."

At a late meeting of the British Association, an explanation was given of the various applications of gutta percha. "One curious exhibition was a hollow tube of this substance, about one hundred yards in length through which the breath of one party was directed to a flute, whilst another party played on the stops and keys, and the two thus playing separate parts produce a perfect tune. The object of this exhibition was to illustrate a plan proposed by the lecturer, Mr. Wishaw, for a speaking telegraph by means of which one party could convey his voice for three quarters of a mile.

Lamartine, in acknowledging the receipt of a full length portrait of Washington, from Mr. Mackay, of New York city, says: "May the sage and religious genius of Washington be imprinted on democratic France, and thus enlighten the fraternal name of the two worlds, and make the name of an illustrious man, glorious and dear to both countries."

ROYAL GOATS.—In Windsor Park there are now between 200 and 300 beautiful milk white goats, all descended from a pair presented to the Queen in 1843, by the Shah of Persia.

CELIBACY AND BUTTONS.

"You heard us talking. Ay, sir, the old story—grievances, sir, 'twixt man and woman," said the hermit. "And what is that sir?" we asked. The hermit, shaking his head and groaning cried—"Buttons!" "Buttons?" said we.—The hermit drew himself closer to the table, and spreading his arms upon it, leaned forward with the serious air of a man prepared to discuss a grave thing. "Buttons," he replied. Then clearing his throat, he began: "In the course of your long, and I hope well spent life, has it never come with thunderbolt conviction upon you, that all washer women, clear-starchers, getters up of fine linen, or whatever name Eve's daughters—for as Eve brought upon us the stern necessity of a shirt, it is but just that her girls should wash it—under whatever name they cleanse and beautify flax and cotton, they are all under some compact, implied or solemnly entered upon among themselves and their non-washing, non-standing, non-getting up sisterhood, that by means subtle, and almost morally certain, they shall worry or drive all bachelors or widowers soever into the pound of irremediable wedlock?"

"Has this tremendous truth never struck you?" "How—by what means?" we asked. "Simply, by buttons," answered the hermit, bringing down his clenched fist upon the table. "I will take a man who, in his outstart in life, sets his hat acock at matrimony—a man who defies Hymen and all his wicked wiles. Nevertheless, sir, the man must wear a shirt—the man must have a washer-woman. Think you that that shirt, returning from the tub, never wants one—two—three buttons? Always, sir, always. Sir, although I am now an anchorite, I have lived in your bustling world, and seen, ay, quite as much as any one, of its manifold wickedness. Well, the man—the buttonless man—at first calmly remonstrates with his laundress. He pathetically wrings his wrist at her, and she promises amendment. The thing shall never happen again. The week revolves. Think you the next shirt has its just and lawful number of buttons? Not a bit."

Starting at the word, we looked, we fear reproachfully, in the hermit's face. "Pardon me: let it be as if it had never been said," cried the anchorite, a deeper tint dawning in his face, and his eye looking suddenly moist. "Pardon me: but the heart has strange chords—even buttons may sometimes shatter them." We bowed and begged the hermit to proceed. "Well sir," said our host, after an effort, "week after week the poor man wrangles with his washer-woman; from the gentleman of even maidenly complaint, the remonstrance rises to a hurricane of abuse, and still the washer-woman, as it would seem, is bound by oath to her unmarried sisterhood to bring home no shirt complete in its buttons. Man—the fiercest of his kind—cannot always rage. He becomes tired—ashamed of clamor. He sighs, and bears his buttonless fate. His thoughts take a new turn. In his melancholy, his heart opens—he is softened—subdued; and in this hour of weakness a demon voice whispers to him, 'Fond, foolish man, why trust thy buttons to an alien? Take a wife; have a woman of this own who shall care for thy buttons!' The tempter is strong.—The man smiles distrustfully; but still he smiles.

"That very night, it so happens, he goes to a house-warming. He is partner at cards with Miss Kitty. She never did look so attractive. And then her voice—'twould coax a nail out of a heart of oak. The man thinks of his buttons; and before he leaves the house, Kitty has been brought to confess that she doesn't know what she may do—she may marry and she may not." "Is it possible?" we cried with a laugh. "Sir," said the hermit, "it is not a thing to idly laugh at. Take fifty matches, and be assured of it, if you sift 'em well, out of forty at least you will find buttons, in some shape, at the bottom of 'em." "It may be," said we. "It is," said the hermit with emotion. "Asses are led by their noses; men by their buttons." *Illuminated Mag.*

There is a place in Virginia so rocky, that when the farmers plant corn, they look for the crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket.

LOVERS' RHYMES.

Ned sat with Susan underneath a tree,
And both were happy, as betrothed should be;
And toying with her hair to sweeten time,
"Help me," he said, "dear Susan, to a rhyme;
I want one sadly, jingling well with 'kiss'—
No—Susan—no—a new one, and not 'bliss'—
"Not 'bliss' said she; the easiest rhyme I know;
But since thou wilt not grumble, have it so,
What can I do? Lo ok in my eyes and see,
And for one word, discarded, I'll give thee,
And all the three combined shall mean but 'bliss'—
Look at me, Ned, and own it—Kiss, this, Miss."

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amid the gloom.
The friend who weal and wo partakes,
Unchanged, what'er his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is sure a sunny spot.
The wife who half our burden bears,
And utters not a moan,
Whose ready hand wipe off our tears,
Unheeding all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one a gem,
And enrobs blithely as a bird—
She's too a sunny spot.

The child, who lifts, at morn and eve,
In prayer, its tiny voice;
Who grieves, when'er its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young Genius glows,
Whose heart, without a blot,
Is fresh and pure as sunny rose—
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet, upon life's weary road,
One spot of brighter glow,
Where sorrow hath forgot its load,
And tears no longer flow;
Friendship may wither—love decline,
Our child his honor blot,
But still, undimmed, that spot will shine—
Religious lights that spot.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

TRUST IN GOD.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Arrived at that period in life from whence I can calmly and dispassionately look back upon the past, and contemplate the varied scenes through which I have journeyed, I am strongly reminded, and feel deeply convinced, that it has been through a confident reliance and an unwavering "Trust in God" that I have been enabled to surmount the many difficulties, and bear up under the afflictions that have thronged my pathway through life.

Time was when to me the world was all bright, its flowers all beautiful—a favored child of fortune. From youth to manhood the ruder blast of adversity never penetrated the shield interposed by a mother's love or the protecting influence of a father's wealth—from the one I inherited a love for mankind, from the other the means to which the world ever pays differences and servile adulation. I had troops of friends—they clustered around me as bees around a fragrant flower, to pliff its sweets and leave it to wither, wilt and die.

Wealth, friends, station, influence, these were all mine, yet there was a void in my heart; there was something wanting which I sought and found in a creature fair as e'er bloomed upon an earthly soil; heaven smiled upon our union, we were blessed with children, and our home was a paradise, but alas for poor humanity!

The spider's most attenuated thread,
Its cord, its cable, to man's most tender tie
On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze.

It was not long ere I felt the full truth of the above quotation. A crisis arose in the monetary affairs of the country; it swept tornado like, with desolating strides, from the chill waters of the Aroostock, to the region of eternal flowers, and when the storm had passed, and the sun peered forth again, the turbid stream of bankruptcy bore upon its bosom the wreck and shattered fragments of health, wealth, peace and happiness. Need I say that my fortune was a wreck, my ruin (in a pecuniary point of view) complete. How could it be otherwise? Nature had endowed me with a heart susceptible to the wants of others, an ear never deaf to pleading, and a hand ever willing to execute the promptings of the soul. I endured, and the oft-told tale was repeated. Some for whom I suffered now roll in wealth, but are no longer friends to me. Thank God I am enabled to live, and would scorn their friendship as I despise their grovelling souls. I leave them to their conscience and their God, with an abiding trust in mine.

If wealth departed and friends forsook me, I was "richly rewarded, doubly compensated by the love of wife and children, which rose superior to misfortune, and if possible, burned with a brighter flame as trouble thickened around, beautifully reminding me of the evergreen, which twining its tendrils around the sturdy oak, seeks beneath its protecting foliage a shelter and a home, and which loosens not its grasp, but clings with yet fonder tenacity when the tree has been blasted and riven by the thunderbolts of Heaven. Strip it of its verdure, it stands forth, exhibiting to every eye the plant before unseen, seeking with its tiny form to protect the structure which had sheltered it.

Reduced in circumstances, and deprived of many of life's comforts, but still trusting in God, I sought and found employment, which love rendered sweet, and here, I honestly affirm, that at no period, did I enjoy more unalloyed pleasure than when the day's of labor was over I returned to my humble but peaceful home, welcomed by the smile of my angel wife, and the glad hands of my little flock, a rich recompense for the world's cold frown.

But the golden bowl was broken, the blissful cup dashed to the earth and shattered into fragments, sweeping into the outspread ocean of eternity all that made life sweet or rendered it desirable.—Dis-ease of a contagious nature crossed the threshold of my paradise, and its inmates sickened and died. Time has mellowed but cannot efface the remembrances of that period. The anxious solicitude with which night after night, I watched beside their suffering forms "in tears of agony;" and when the last pulse had beat, when the eye returned no answering glance, when the hand returned no pressure, and the lips no kiss, when the beautiful was stiffened in death, and all was cold and silent, even then our grief was hushed, and we turned from the dead to the living with hope still springing in the heart, we strove with desperate energy to rescue them from the grasp of death. But crushed was every flower, and blighted every bud, within the short space of ten days vanished the blissful dream of years, and our children had passed into Heaven. She who had cradled upon her bosom the tender flock sank beneath the blow, and the mother slept beside her babes.

I have wandered in other lands, but have returned to watch the flowers of Spring, and tend the mossy verdure which shrouds them from my view, still trusting in God that I have a treasure laid up in Heaven, whither I trust, after having suffered and done his will, I shall be called.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT: Labor.—Why man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has courted your pampered life; without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the silkworm's nest and the fleeces in the shepherd's fold. For the meanness thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infect the hive of activity like masses of corrupt and decay. The lords of the earth are the working men, who can build or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the "soft-headed," by pointing to their trophies, wherever art, science, civilization, and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power.—Work on, and in the language of a true poet, be a glorious man! and thy renown shall be Borne by winds and waters thro' all time While there's a keel to carve it on the sea From clime to clime,
Or God ordaining that idleness is a crime."

GEN. Z. TAYLOR.—When General Taylor received, at Baton Rouge, the news of his success in Pennsylvania, and his consequent election to the Presidency, he immediately took a steamboat for his plantation upon the Mississippi. On his way up, the old General, dressed in his usual plain style, was seated on the forward deck of the boat, viewing the plantations on the river, when a young man, who was sitting near him, without knowing who the General was, commenced a conversation upon the all absorbing question of the Presidential election. "Well," remarked the young man, "the people must have a great deal of confidence in that old chap they call 'Zack Taylor,' to raise him to such an office as that of President, without knowing anything about his civil qualifications." "True," remarked the elderly gentleman, "and I hope that Zachary Taylor will try and merit that confidence." "Well; I see you are a Taylor man," remarked the young man, who was a warm Democrat. "No, not exactly—I did not vote for Gen. Taylor; and, my family, especially the old lady, are strongly opposed to his election."

POOR WIVES.—"As well might the farmer have the Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen for a wife," says the Rev. Henry Colman, in one of his agricultural lectures, "as some of our fashionable women. Indeed it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, for she might answer one useful purpose; she might salt his bacon."

VERY ARISTOCRATIC.—The Whigs of Dutchess county, N. Y. were so "aristocratic" at the recent election, as to place three Hatters in prominent offices. Ransom Halloway, member of Congress, Albert Van Kleek, Treasurer, and James Hammond, one of the members of the Assembly, are all haters by trade. "In past times," says the Poughkeepsie Journal, "when we have seen these men in their green baize coloring dresses, with their hands often black as tar, it did not strike us that such aristocrats could ever prove dangerous to the people."

Sixty-one years ago the first white citizen moved into Ohio.

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Extract from the Dairy of Margaret Smith—Mar. ye 22d, 1769.—Sir Thomas drew Rebecca and I into a corner of the room, saying he was a-weary of soe much disputation, and began relating somewhat which befel him in a late visit to the New Haven colonie. Among other things, he told us that while he was there a maid of nineteen years was put upon trial for her life, by complaint of her parents of disobedience to their commands, and reviling them; that at first the mother of the girl did seem to testify stronglie against her, but when she had spoke a few words, the accused crying out with a bitter lamentation, that she should be destroyed in her youth by the words of her own mother, the woman did so soften her testimony that the Court, being in doubt upon the matter, had a consultation with the ministers present, as to whether the accused girl had made herself justly liable to the punishment prescribed for stubborn and rebellious children, in Deut. xxx. 20, 21.—It was thought that this law did applie onlie unto a rebellious son, according to the words of the text, and that a daughter could not be put to death under it; to which the Court did assent, and the girl, after being admonished, was set free. Thereupon, Sir Thomas told us, she ran sobbing into the arms of her mother, who did rejoice over her as one raised from the dead; and did moreover mightlie blame herself for putting her in so great peril, by complaining of her disobedience to the magistrates.

GOOD ADVICE.—The following good advice to correspondents, is contained in the Nation, a weekly newspaper, just established in New York, by T. D. McGee, who played a prominent part in the late insurgent movement in Ireland, and who writes with spirit and ability:

1. In writing to an editor, always choose some subject which has reference to the objects for which his journal was established. This will at once secure his attention.

2. Study brevity, read Defoe, Cobbett, or Swift, (or Franklin's Essays), to acquire similar plainness and strength of style.

3. Avoid long introductions and perorations. Jump into the subject at once; and when you have said all you have to say, end there. Try to put a thought or a fact in every sentence you write. Avoid repeating ideas, except they are placed in new aspects.

4. Avoid broken metaphors, and metaphors altogether, except they are very applicable. All others weaken and deform writing.

5. Never assert a doubtful fact positively. Never lose temper with an adversary. Remember that coarse language is not strong language, any more than a rope of sand is a strong rope.

6. Write legibly, and on one side of the sheet.

LACONS.

Ten Rules to be Observed in Practical Life.

1. Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself; this will promote your independence.

3. Never spend your money before you get it; this will save you from many difficulties and some temptations.

4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; many have been ruined by this.

5. Pride costs one more than hunger, thirst or cold. Banish it from your heart.

6. Never have to repent of having eaten too little. Temperance is health.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. If you would lighten labor, love it.

8. How much gain have those evils cost us which never happened? Wait, then, till trials come.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle. Make the most of mercies, and do not exaggerate trials.

10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred. He that does this will save himself from much sin and many sorrows.

CONJUGAL GRATITUDE.—"Frank Hayman was a bull-dog. I recollect when he buried his wife, a friend asked why he expended so much on her funeral?" "Ah sir," replied he, "she would have done as much or more, for me, with pleasure."

THE LITTLE REASONER.—"Papa," said a little fellow, as he looked up in his father's face—"Papa," does the logwood they put into wine give it its red color?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, papa, is it the logwood in the wine that makes your nose so red?"

"Hush your nonsense, child; here Betty, get a candle and put this child to bed."

If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; but if he kills, the earth hides it.